

On Reading James Baldwin's Another Country

Black He,
Who after climbing into bed with White He,
Really wishing he could leap on top of White Her
And secretly longing to slide beside Black Him
(But he thankful it wasn't Black Her
Who, after all, is his sister!)
Now takes one big leap into the river —
The Black River, thank heavens!

Meanwhile, back in bed —
Italian He (who is only half black)
Has mounted Black She
(Who, after all, wasn't his sister!)
Because he loved Black He
Who jumped into the Black River,
Or so he says.

And White She, who — prepare yourself now —
Is married to White He
Now decides she loves another White He
Which would be all right, I suppose,
Except that White He loves her — white or black.
He even loved Black He who —
Yes, that's right, the one who jumped into the
Black River.

And, considering his limitations, does just fine.

Italian He, who always thought he loved Black She
Suddenly discovers he loves White He, too!
What a triangle that is!
And Black She (who, after all, wasn't his sister)
But was the sister of Black He —
You know — the one who jumped,
Well, she's been sleeping with a White He
Who, and it's quite incredible —
Only loves her — black or white.

And what an ending!
Young French He, who loves White He too,
The White He who loved White She and
Italian He and Black He
(I promise this is the last time!)
Who jumped into the Black River

Now boards the plane to America
Land of the Free, Home of the Brave.

Oh, Mr. Baldwin, with your incredible talent did I
have to endure all that to learn that life is not
all black or all white?

Don't you see? I knew. I knew.

— June Canino

Highland, New York

Mr. Nowhere Goes

After the smash and grab
the whimper of a mourning child
carries over the smoky hole
its father made.
The blinded eyes cannot see;
the child only smells
the mangled mess
of hair, bone and brick
all ghastly bloody —
torn from owners
by their own hands —
all ghastly bloody.
Jesus, God, how did all these imbeciles
get in here?
They sat on soft bottoms
complaining about the weather
and low intellect of neighbors —
laughing so loud at Mr. Nowhere
that they didn't even hear it coming.

— Veryl Blatt

Detroit, Michigan

Recommended from Interim Books, Box 35, Village
Station, New York 14, N.Y.: Search (William Wantling)
\$.50; An Essay On New American Fiction (Fielding Daw-
son) \$.75; Excusology Of The Ocean (Roberts Blossom)
\$1.00; A Poem And Drawing (Kirby Congdon) \$.50; The
Coming Of Chronos To The House Of Nightsong (Calvin
Hernton) \$1.00.